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The LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

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Edited by **BABA BHARATI**

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Count Leo Tolstoy

A KEEN READER OF

"THE LIGHT OF INDIA"



Is so interested in it, and so much appreciates its epoch-making article, "THE WHITE PERIL," in the November issue that he wishes to have it translated into Russian.



Here is the unsolicited letter to our Editor, embodying his opinion and appreciation of this magazine, from

That Greatest Western Sage and Thinker of the Age

BABA BHARATI

730 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:—My father, Leo Tolstoy, wants me to write and tell you that he was very much interested in your Journal, and that he appreciated very much your article, "The White Peril," which he would like to have translated into Russian.


He has asked a friend of his in England to send you his books, which he hopes will reach you safely.

He asks you to pardon him for not writing to you himself, but [at] present he is not quite well and very busy.

Yours truly,

TATIANA SOUHOTINE

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The Light of India

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GLORY TO THEE

Glory to Thee whose energy flows downward unto all that from Thee hath come. Glory to Thee who reignest in every atom which is Thy Kingdom. Glory to Thee whose breath doth make the seasons to be and whose smile doth melt the ages into eternity. Glory to Thee who reckoneth not time, because Thou dwellest in the everlasting youth which is thine own radiance. Glory to Thee, Almighty Creator, whom we, Thy children, designate as Father, Mother, Lover. Unto Thee we come desiring, with Thy help, which is ever at our service, to make our year so filled with Thy will that it may carry us even unto the glory of Thy embrace.

THE SONG OF KRISHNA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

A million branches from My trunk do spring;
A million notes from out My lyre ring.
A million members from My body go;
A million stars from out Mine eye do glow.
A million suns are flashed forth in My smile,
Which generates creation's force the while.

A million harmonies on My breath are played;
A million beauties on My brow are rayed.
A million echoes from My voice are rung;
A million melodies from My Name are sung.
My Word Creation and Destruction holds;
My naked hand Eternity enfolds.

A million ages from My Love are born;
A million universes I have worn.
A million aeons thrilled within My grasp;
A million eras melted in My clasp.
A million atoms hold the All of Me;
I am the Law of their Affinity.

A million throbs are born from out My heart;
A million worlds from out My bosom dart.
A million lives are made from out My thought;
A million creatures from My will are wrought.
For I am He, the Manifold in One,
The One existent ere the worlds begun.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW YEAR

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

THE SUN, lurid and angry, was sinking behind the great barren trees that were buried trunk-deep in the snow-drifted hills. It threw its red rays over the figure of a woman clad in fine linen and scarlet, touching her lips and breast as with blood and making her plaits as ropes of gold.

"It is dying, it is breathing its last. Its throbs of death are over the earth and in the sky. A few hours and the Year will be dead, the Year with its promises of hopes all unfilled, its will-o'-the-wisp happiness ever running before and never secured, its anticipations of delights that grew tasteless and dry at the munching. O Year, old and hard, I bid thee go! A long farewell to thee and thine. Thou hast played me false. O Time, take back thy hoary Year and bring to my arms thy new child with its loves that are young, its faiths that are holy and its hopes that are fresh."

At this, one who was straight and fair of face and good to look upon because of the benign droop of his head, stood before the lady who was clad in garments of fine linen and scarlet. He cast his eyes upon her and she felt that the world held naught so beautiful or merciful as he. She opened her lips and spoke to him without fear and as a child might.

"Who art thou?" said she. "Never have I seen thee, yet do I feel as if thou hast ever been kind as a mother to me and as if the world can never be lonely since thou art in it. What god art thou?"

"I am the Old Year who is passing thee by," spake he that was fair.

"Oh," breathed she of the blood-red lips, "but thou art not hoary nor old nor hard as I thought thou wert."

"Nay, I am a child of Time who is ever young and grows strong and ripe because of the gifts I give unto man and the worlds. Yea, though the eyes of earth turn away from them, yet the blessings I have for them enrich me and make me exceeding glad. Much have I had for thee, O child of man, much have I given thee, yet dost thou wish me to be gone. See, here are children of thy loves which I have given thee at thy request who are well nigh unto perishing because thou didst fail to feed them. A little while thou didst smile upon and caress them after their birth; then thou didst turn thine eyes to other places and even forget that they were ever thine. See, here they are, greated and wan with faces shadowy, and little bodies that waver and falter and totter in their walking. Their frail arms are weak from reaching toward thee to be recognized as thine own, and listless and thin they hang at their sides. Their garments scarce cover them, so soon hast thou forgotten to clothe them. The chill winds have hurt them sorely because thou didst not house them.

"And again here, see the field of flowers which I and mine have rendered unto thee. They are wilted and parched and some drenched by the rains because thou didst not tend them. Greatly didst thou desire this garden of hope even as thou didst these children a little before. Long didst thou wait to see their coming, and watch the field for their blooming. But alas, ere yet the petals had unfolded to full blossoms thou didst pray for other happiness. And lo, when that too thou didst call forth from the womb of Time, which is my mother and upon whom none calls in vain, thou didst fail to grasp it.

"See, see, there they are, those birds that should be of bright plumage gathered from soaring in high places and catching the reflections of the world's choicest beauties, but who now flit about thee with ruffled breast and wings torn and drooping, uttering plaintive broken lays unheard and uncared for. Erstwhile thou didst brood upon them lovingly and long, and yet, ere the first was fully hatched to lift its voice in little shrill chirps for recognition, thou didst turn away, and so failed to make for them the rare atmosphere of appreciation, nor didst thou hear what the glorious notes would have thrilled for thee from their throbbing throats.

"O little child of earth, all these are still here, the children of love, the flowers of hope, the bright plumed birds of happiness; they are thine. In solitude thou hast detached them from their source to be thine. In confusion of many restless desires thou hast turned from them, in changeful moods thou hast wandered hither and thither in wild and lawless hunt for contentment. Now, confronting thee they stand, these undeveloped daughters of love, these uncared-for flowers of hope, these songless, unplumed birds of happiness.

"They are thine. Nurse them well and clothe them and house them, these daughters born of thy desire for love. Water and tend these flowers, the produce of thy hope, and pluck them and sniff of their fragrance. Caress the wings of thy birds of happiness, clasp them to thy heart and hear the glory of their song. People thy world, O little one, with thy desires, but flesh them and beautify them ere thou dost turn from them to newer ones. That which thou hast drawn from out the womb of creation wherefrom the ages came, is thine unto eternity. None can claim it. Therefore, foster these children unto their full growth, cultivate these flowers unto their crowning beauty and keep close to thy hand thy birds until their plumage is spread unto broad winging.

"So wilt thou know the sons of Time, and, knowing that, wilt know thyself, and thou wilt not long for days to go or days to come, for thou wilt walk hand in hand with all the events that are."

So spake the Being of beauty whose figure was strong and not bent from the burdens that men laid upon his shoulders. So spake he unto the woman of red-gold tresses while the clouds of gray sank into the horizon where the sun had been.

SHAVED WHILE HE SLEPT

(From the Louisville Courier-Journal)

"My first day in India," said the tourist, "I was surprised when I awoke in the morning to feel how smooth my face was. 'By Jove,' I said, 'how slowly my beard grew yesterday. I hardly need to shave today.'"

"It is, however, a matter of religion with me to shave every morning, and so I bade the native servant, a man provided by my host, to fetch my shaving things. The native smiled. 'But you are already shaved, sir,' he said.

"'Already shaved?' said I.

"'Yes sir,' he answered. 'I shaved you while you slept. That is the custom here.'"

"I found that he was right. I found that in India these wonderful native servants shave their masters in bed every morning without waking them. All through my stay in India I was shaved like that. It was almost enough to keep me in that hot and horrid country forever."

THE SAGE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

BY BABA BHARATI

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S vindication of the demand of the Japanese to be treated equally with the Americans in America, in his last message to Congress, will furnish a luminous page to the history of Western nations in these aggressive modern times. However much it may now be criticized by individual Americans or by selfish political or industrial bodies on the Pacific coast, the time will soon come when Americans as a nation will feel prouder of Theodore Roosevelt than they do even now. And Theodore Roosevelt's heart and moral self will, in his declining years, derive from it warmer comfort than from anything he has hitherto done during his strenuous stewardship of his nation's affairs.

This Japanese part of his message stamps Mr. Roosevelt as a statesman with a farsighted sagacity which his contemporaries do not possess. The manifesto is born of pure wisdom, the wisdom which belongs to the old world, the wisdom which, to the peril of the modern nations, is getting out of date, the wisdom which, when betrayed by a Western statesman of today, is construed into an exhibition of eccentricity. But Roosevelt's manifesto precludes the possibility of such an opinion, except obstinate bigotry or personal animosity to the author. Its hall-mark of absolute sincerity and genuine inspiration is apparent in every word and sentence, but it is the inspiration that is the essence of the sincerity. It is an inspired declaration, to be sure, inspired from the highest source of illumination, of which its truth, vigor and boldness of expression are the best proofs. It is patriotic, it is humanitarian, it is absolutely appreciative. It has been delivered from a pedestal high above politics, unknown to diplomacy, out of the reach of prejudice. In it, for the first time, is expressed an entirely unbiased and whole-hearted appreciation of the Japanese people—an appreciation which has put the press and public of the whole West to the blush, and has taught the Western statesman in many ways. Honesty is said to be the best policy and it is, for it pays in the long run. Similarly an entirely non-diplomatic policy is, at times, the highest diplomacy. Roosevelt's appreciation of the Japanese and recommendation to Congress to treat them equally with Americans is an instance in point of this non-diplomatic diplomacy whose motive is a whole-hearted honesty.

By this manifesto President Roosevelt has proved himself to be the one ruler of the modern West who has his fingers on the pulse of the world-politics of the present and the future and he feels that pulse aright. He has read the history of the Japanese victories in the late war not so superficially as his contemporaries have done. He has read it with all the ardor of a deep student, with the discrimination of a practical philosopher and with the calm wisdom of a political sage. And in giving out the results of that reading for the benefit of his countrymen when the right opportunity presented itself, he proves himself further to be the wisest patriot of his land. So far the appreciation by the West of Japanese valor and victories has been of a patronizing kind at best, although such valor and victories have been pronounced to be the rarest in modern times. The cause is not far to seek. It is in the Westerner's deluded belief in his superiority over Asiatics—superiority in almost every human virtue. But this conceited idea of superiority is mainly due to the havoc he has been able to create among Asiatics by his firearms and machine guns so long not possessed by the latter.

Now that the Japanese have not only possessed them and learned their uses in a twinkling but have demonstrated their superior skill in using them in their victorious onslaught against Russia, the fancied foundation of that deluded idea of superiority has melted before their mental view. But habit is said to be second nature, and habit, mental or physical, is hard to kill. By force of habit the powerful Western peoples are still hugging to their breasts that flattering idea of their superiority even over the Japanese. They are saying now among themselves—"The Japs can beat the Russians but not us. We can beat them any day." These deluded people still fail to see that the Japanese have also proved their superiority in all the other essentials of war—in intelligence, morale, mobility, strategy, patriotism, contempt for death—besides possessing many other virtues born of their ancient civilization which Westerners do not possess.

President Roosevelt's manifesto, read between the lines betrays no such delusion in him. By the light of the causes of the Japanese victories he sees the future of Asia's potentialities as through a glass. And thereby he has proved himself the foremost statesman and fit to be the ruler of the greatest country in the West.

The Mikado is today the centre of a power in the East filled with and backed by far greater potentialities than the Western rulers—heedless in the conceit of their overestimated powers and weapons of offense, and hypnotized by the "blood and iron" logic of might being right—have any conception of. The Mikado and his loving and death-defying subjects with awakened China, which is fast awaking already, are a near-future possibility which President Roosevelt, a deep student of human events, is favored with a glimpse of, but which the power-mad, self-blinded marshalls of modern civilization have no time nor inclination to think of. The frenzied energy of the strenuous West is nervous at best but the calm power of the deep, quiet, philosophic East is anchored in its soul-intelligence which in the case of the Japanese in their pressing need, helped them in mastering the methods of Western warfare so quickly and which helped them again in outmastering the first Western power that menaced them, achieving a brilliant series of successive victories which the modern world has not heard of. Japan has gone into sleep again, the philosophic sleep in which the Eastern mind thinks most. Her valor has gone down into her soul to be roused again into action, exhibiting all the unthinkable wonders of soul-energy when the need and occasion will combine to come.

Thus the much-vaunted civilization of the West does seem to lack many of the cardinal qualities born of mind-culture approved by all ages—qualities which make for righteousness. Of all these qualities, individual and national, the most predominant ones are justice and civility, from which latter term the word "civilization" has sprung. However just and civil Westerners are to the Orientals individually, they fail to show that justice and civility to Eastern peoples nationally. The attitude of the United States toward the Chinese and Japanese immigrants is a staring instance in point and it seems that the time is not far off when all Asiatics will be excluded from the sacred land of Uncle Sam. This is very good. Uncle Sam may not like the brown and yellow races of the East to come over and make a living in his land, a privilege extended to all the white races across the Atlantic. But why demand for Americans in the Orient these same privileges denied to the Orientals in America? That is a question which Uncle Sam's conscience does not like to be confronted with, but it is a question which has got to be settled soon enough for the sake of the world's peace, a question about which the Japanese and Chinese governments will give due notice in due time.

Aside from the exclusion law, there are other acts of injustice and incivility on the part of the Western peoples toward the Easterners which even the patient Orient is feeling badly about. This is the individual Westerner's criticism, in and out of season, of the Oriental's manners, customs and religion. While the exclusion law affects the masses, these criticisms affect the classes in the Orient. The Occident is as yet a mere child in culture and civilization compared to the Orient whose culture and civilization are as old as the history of man. Hence, the Oriental peoples have so long regarded these Western criticisms as mere pratings of a child. They have so long excused these wanton vilifications of Eastern men and manners by Western authors and press-writers, knowing their want of real knowledge of life in its depths—knowing their limited mental vision to cognize primal principles which form the foundation of a wise, beneficent and enduring life and civilization, through the cognition of which the East has maintained its world-old longevity for its world-old ideas and ideals of life. But the more the East has stood these criticisms with equanimity and indifference, the more prolific and wildly irresponsible have been these criticisms. Thus things have been put to the extreme and soon the West may expect its own men and manners put under the X-ray analysis of the keenly philosophical and deep-sighted Eastern mind. What is the ground which furnishes the claim to these Western critics to pose as superior beings to Easterners? It is a delusion at best, much of which Togo and Oyama have already dispelled and the remainder is destined to be dispelled sooner or later.

Has any Western nation reared as yet a philosophy of life by the practical process of which the forces of the human mind can be so harmonized as to sink selfishness to the bottom and brought the humane attributes to the surface? Has this vaunted civilization of the West achieved this universally acknowledged ideal of life, individual and national? No, the very reverse rather is the result and tendency of Western civilization, a statement which will be confirmed by every thinking soul in this vast land. The East's still abiding old-world civilization has in it the elements of these harmonizing forces which the West will do well to adapt in its own.

THE ANSWER

BY ELLA BARKER

You are God's answer to me in the dark.
Blind in the human wilderness I wrought
The road of my redemption, and I sought
A chain of devious footsteps. But one spark
Fell from the stars' cold lanterns for a mark
Of divination, and I doubted not.
And one spring day the desert river brought
A boat, whose music lured me to embark.

Down from the prow you came and took my hand,
Drawing aside the veil that blinded me—
The veil of old illusions. Now I see
Clearly the land I leave, and understand
Even illusion's purpose. Fearlessly
I sail with you to the undiscovered land.

—From "Cosmopolitan."

FAILURE OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN INDIA.

BY J. OLDFIELD, D. C. L., M. R. C. S.

MOST PEOPLE have heard of what is called "The Failure of Christian Missions in India." From my own study of the problem on the spot, I am led to agree entirely with those who look upon the work in India as a real failure. But it is the missionary and not the mission who has failed!

From the view of the educated and intelligent and highly thoughtful natives of the country, I venture to propound an explanation of "The Failure of Christian Missions in India." I am not speaking of towns like Bombay, or Madras, or Calcutta which have a large English population, and for which churches, and cathedrals, and bishops may be essential. I am speaking of high caste Indian life in places as far distant from each other as Kathiawar and Indore, and among a class of people ranging from prime ministers of Indian states to judges and pleaders, and doctors and village tax-collectors, and college students, in both Indian states and British territory. Christian missionaries there, in the opinion of the intelligent men of India, have failed for various reasons; and will fail absolutely so long as the present conditions exist.

In the first place, the Christian missionary takes up the position that Christianity is the only true religion, and that all worship of God in any other way is "heathen idolatry." The Hindu, who has studied the religions and philosophies of the West far more deeply than the average Westerner, asks at once which Christian religion is the only and true one.

He sees Roman Catholics denying salvation to all Protestants, and many Protestants labelling the head of the Christian church of Rome the "anti-christ," and, as a sound business man, he shrinks from taking such tremendous risks as are held out to him by either party if he joins the other.

Again, all high caste Hindus are alienated by the arrogant condemnation of Hinduism by the missionaries, who are far more ignorant of the Shastras and the Vedas than the Hindus are of the Bible. The missionaries seem to forget that the sacred books of the East are full of sublime teaching, and lay down precepts as lofty as any which the West is in the habit of practising.

It must never be forgotten that high caste Hindus are as religious, devout and as conservatively devoted to their religion, and as intellectually acquainted with its teaching, as are Christians in England with theirs; while they are exceedingly sensitive, and feel with a keen sense of being hurt in a tender place any public slight that may be leveled against their creed or against the heroes of their theology.

Again, too, high caste Hindus consider that missionaries are not only ignorant but dishonest, because Hindus read the missionary reports and see that therein they and their religion are maligned. They see that to get funds for missionary work they tell tales which are quite true, indeed, but which are given as typical illustrations of Indian life, whereas they give as false a picture as if a Hindu working in our east end slums, with all their filth and overcrowding, and drunkenness, and debauchery, and foul language and immorality, were to go back and relate stories from his work there as if these stories were typical of English life.

The small minded English parson reads them with the avowed bias that they are wrong, and that he has to preach them down. The

wide-minded Hindu reads, and harmonizes the new thought with his ancient creed—and remains a Hindu.

The habits of the Christian missionary are usually lower in some ways than the habits of the people he is supposed to go out to convert. A man in the position of a prime minister said to me: "Would you send an east end coster to address the members of the University of Oxford in order to convert them to Christianity?"

"From our own spiritual teachers we expect a constant devotion to spiritual study and spiritual exercises, and earnest communing with the great Spirit of all. But your missionaries eat, and drink, and go to parties, and to tennis, and to balls, and live a social life, and, therefore, we know that they are not far advanced in spiritual truths. I will wager that if we drive round now to the house of your missionary in this town, we shall find him engaged in what you would call 'worldly pursuits.'"

"Let us test it," I answered, and four of us drove to the mission station. The boy who came out to us said that the sahib was at the gymkana (club). My friends looked at me, and we drove back; and, in response to a message sent to the gymkana, the missionary was good enough to call in at our bungalow on his way home—in flannels and with his tennis racquet.

Worldliness was in his look and action and while my friends said nothing, they and I were thinking the more.

As I look back upon my sojourn in India, and as I mix to-day with numbers of Hindus who are spending years of study in this Christian land of England, I am again impressed with the fact, which cannot be gainsaid, that Christianity, as presented to the Hindus in India by the teaching and habits of life of Christian missionaries, Christian merchants and Christian soldiers, appears to them a lower religion and not a higher one than their own Hindu faith, and that the general method of thought, habit of life, social customs, as manifested in our great cities, hardly ever wins over a Hindu in this land to the belief that Christianity in its fruits produces better virtues than Hinduism.

It is not only that Hindus in India are not converted by Christian missionaries. A seal is put to the accuracy of that statement by the fact that Hindus are not converted to Christianity even when they are brought under the unopposed influence of an entirely Christian environment in England.

We must never forget that even our own ancestors were won from their pagan practices by having their festivals hallowed and sanctified with a benediction, instead of having them ridiculed and destroyed by dogmatic arrogance. In short, therefore, the first lesson to learn must be that it is better to be a good Hindu than a bad Christian. The second lesson must be that men should be sent out who are superior in saintly habits of devotion to the spiritual teachers whom they wish to convert, and these only. One ignorant dogmatic man, wanting in spirituality, will do more to lower the prestige of the Christian ideal than ten religious men will do to raise it.

I am revealed in every living thing, whose heart in knit in love. No light there is wherein I do not live; no darkness is wherein I do not peer. My seed perfected in you lives unknown, it grows and freeth you from crooked ways. Unheard it thunders louder than the mountain claps when they in gladness meet.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA.

IN THE world where man walketh I have stuffed much of Love, much of Devotion, much of Reverence, much of Hope, much of Faith, much of Permanency, much of Excellency, much of the Everlasting, much of the Indestructible, much of the Endless, much of the Spirit, much of Myself, and nothing outside of these. Hence, what is there for man to contemplate on but on these that I have crammed into his universe? Yet he tries to dip outside of this and thinks he has brought forth something that is his, and lo, in that thinking he has blinded himself into nothingness.

Like a hind that is brought to bay in a desert, so is the Soul of man, unatoned and unredeemed, even on a stretch of land surrounded by a troop of wolves, its sins of the past that call out to him to be born in its to-morrow.

Think you, O man, that the spiral of smoke that cometh from a stack and curleth into the air is lost in the mist? Think you that the waves that roll over the sands of the beach and leave their mark thereon are washed away again by the idle wave of the sea? Think you that you may leave the dust of your feet on the threshold but for the industrious housewife to sweep away? The smoke is drawn down to earth again. The waves have made an impression on the sea which, though unseen, is yet powerful. The footfall on the floor has made the millioneth part of a hair's impression on the threshold on which the foot fell. So it is each act and word and thought and inclination of the Soul of man doth leave its trace on his own life, the life of others, the world, the universe and universes with the unnumbered souls yet unborn.

Gaze on a tree. The woodman yonder would cut it down. He hews with might and main, others pull on the rope with might and main to help it lean earthward. Thus the stroke of the axe rings through the forest as it reaches the centre of its huge growth. It falls and the wood is examined. Here you find a knot, here a ring of dark color, there a rim of fair wood. Yet it all came from the same seed and same root.

So with the soul of man. It hath its knots born of its yesterdays' sins, it hath its scars healed over, but bearing the cleft of the sins of its yesterdays. It hath its stratas of dark lines and its layers of fair lines, all the outcome of its dark and fair fruits of its yesterdays. Nor doth it end with the tree, these knots and rings of discolored wood. Yea, the woodman finds it unfit for the use he would put it to. The saw cannot enter the knot—it splits lengthwise instead of roundways as the saw rips through it, and soon it is found that the beautiful uses that were to be made of that tree cannot be, for it is not suitable because of the unevenness of its texture. And lo, either it is hewn into pieces and burned, or left to rot. So it is with the soul of man. When sins have made its fair to-morrows but the blights of Time, the Woodman cannot make the wondrous use he would of that Soul, for its texture is sore and tender, sensitive and unfit to stand the tests, because of the unevenness of its growth and even the knots in its vitals, and so it must again enter the channels for which it can be used for lower purposes.

The souls that seek the fair to-morrows must have the fairer to-days and even the fair yesterdays, for the sins of man are your confrontings to-day even as the fruits of the tree to-day are its foods to-morrow and were its flowers yesterday.

GREATNESS.

GOODNESS is the only greatness. A hero is a hero at all points.

A great man loves truth and virtue, he opposes error and injustice, he delivers the innocent from the hands of the heartless. He has wisdom to know and valor to do, his words are healing, he is a born enemy of lies, he seeks for truth and finds it and stands by his convictions.

A great man is a fountain of living light, a natural luminary enlightening the world. Greatness comes from the heart. A great man is a genius, he is original, he investigates and gives to others the fruits of his labor. A great man is a teacher of men, a captain of souls, a spiritual hero. The great men are the reformers who have augmented the blessings of the world; they are the thinkers who have added to the sum of human knowledge; they are the poets, the lovers of beauty who have increased happiness and made life worth living.

Admiration for great men is indeed a lofty sentiment. It is the foundation of society, the beginning of all reformations, the base of all laws, the germ of all beliefs.

It elevates a man to think of elevation. It ennobles a man to keep the company of noble men. When we study the lives of great men we are raised above ourselves, we stand on higher ground, our souls are enriched, our brains are fertilized, our hearts are made tender. Great men teach us to reason, and, as Victor Hugo says, "Reasoning well leads to acting well; justness in the mind becomes justice in the heart." Thoughts are parents of actions, and when our thoughts are pure our actions are sublime.

A great man is a child of the universe, he is an offspring of Nature. He is neither a product of civilization nor a "creature of the time." When Nature pleases she sends him forth as her interpreter. He is a medium. Nature speaks through him to all men.

A great man is true to himself and others. He knows that what is good for one man is good for all men. He utters his true thoughts and they become the universal thoughts; he utters his true soul and becomes the universal soul.

A great man is tender and compassionate. He loves his fellow men, he loves justice, law and peace, he loves his country. He is generous, kind, grateful, modest, courteous. He is good natured and liberal-minded. He rejoices to see others happy and sympathizes with those who suffer. He gives to others the same rights which he claims for himself. He walks through the fields of time sowing the seeds of kindness. He blazes the trees through the woods of adversity to the highway of success that others following may keep the way.

A great man is just. He knows that no human being is perfect. He knows that "faults and failures mingle with the lives of all," and that in the firmament of every soul bright stars are not always shining. He knows that "A man's a man, for a' that." He accounts for the actions of men by natural causes and excludes none that the sun retains.

A great man is a seeker after knowledge and a lover of truth. He has a mind of his own and does his own reasoning. He goes down into the depths of thoughts and accepts nothing but facts. He turns the light of reason on the opinions of men and rejects those that are contrary to common sense. He knows that a truth is a truth and values it as such, whether it be uttered by the humblest of men or falls from the lips of a king. He believes with Lucretias who says, "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and see the ships tossed upon the sea; it is a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the

adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth—a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene—and to see the error and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below."

A great man possesses character. And when I say character I mean the lofty in a man, I mean the noble in a man, I mean that reserved force in a man which acts directly by its presence. I mean all this and more; I mean that fineness in a man which makes others conscious of his greatness. When Iole was asked how she knew that Hercules was a god, she answered, "Because I was content the moment my eyes fell on him. When I saw Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in the chariot race. But Hercules did not wait for a contest. He conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did." A great man has something more than talent, he has the power to make his talent trusted. He represents something. He stands for a fact. When he speaks, he is believed.

A great man is honest. Honesty is the queen of virtues. It is a priceless gem. It is the richest jewel that decorates the human heart. Nothing is grander than when a brave and honest man stands up before the world erect and proclaims absolute truths.

A great man is sincere. He makes a face-to-face, heart-to-heart inspection of all things. He is great at all places, at all times and under all circumstances. He is always the same grand, heroic soul. He is what he is, and does not pretend to be what he is not. A great man is unconscious of his greatness.

A great man is a reformer freely seeking and freely giving knowledge. He does all the good he can. He destroys the bad and the false and builds up the good and the true.

A great man is Nature's holiest and rarest gift. He is a blessing to mankind. He praises virtue and curses vice. He draws the attention of the world from the bad and calls it to the good. He stands upon refinement's highest peak and begs his fellow men with solemn words to leave the vale below and seek some elevated spot almost in touch with heaven. He would oppose the world rather than prove false to his own brain. "And were it not for such noble souls 'the dust of antique times would lie unswept and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpower.'"

I like to see a man that dares to think. I like to see a man that is loyal to his heart and brain. I like to see a man with courage enough to advance upon an old grey falsehood, break through its body-guard of fools, stab the monster through, call it shining truth, become its sole defender and breast the "many-headed mob." This is greatness.

Let us nourish our love for great men. It will be better for us. No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in the human heart. Let us strive to be like the brave intrepid dwells that have raised mankind from the abyss of ignorance, superstition, crime, and cruelty to the tableland of truth, justice, education and refinement.

When you do come to Me, let all your robes be white, your motives clean. When a man is blind there is a veil before his eyes. I do not mix with earth. Unless all clean and free from earth-nature, how can you understand the words that are born in My Abode.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

VEDIC SEED-THOUGHTS.

BY BISHWARUP CHATURVEDI

Concerning now one's self: lower jaw first; upper, second element; (their) junction speech; tongue (is) the means whereby they are conjoined. So far about one's self.—Taittiriopanishad, Part I, Sutra 3. (Translation by G. R. S. Mead and J. C. Chattopadhyaya.)

LOWER JAW the fleshly is, the upper even the mental. Lower jaw is the fleshly man, the upper one the spiritual man. Speech is the medium by which the man is measured. The tongue is the instrument upon which the speech is operated.

The lower jaw is man as reveller in active contact with that which he can grasp with the hand, and cling to with the feet, and lean upon with his senses. In this state he is moved from this to that object even as his jaw moves in his head. He grasps but to loosen, and loosens but to grasp again the objects of his desire.

The upper man clings to objects which he cannot grasp with the senses, but can encompass with the arms of his soul. He fixes his mind thereon and, in the strength of his unchangeable attitude, attaches unto himself the attributes of those spiritual objects, drawing his power therefrom and measuring each hour many leagues toward the perfect goal.

Speech is the medium by which the state of his mind is cognized. The tongue gives power to the speech and is even the wings of the spirit upon which the expression of earth-born or heaven-born words are conveyed.

He that is of the upper-jaw province corresponds to the universe which is of the space beyond the earthly functions. He speaks the language of the gods and his voice is of rare harmony, and many heaven-dwellers draw close to listen to it, thereby adding the potency of their appreciation unto the speaker and lending it much of their power which is ever a blessing.

But he that walks and talks and has his being in the world of flesh, he shall speak and shall be heard only by his kind and draw unto himself the lower powers which shall bind him yet stronger to his low dwelling.

But as the lower and upper jaws are joined and the tongue, which is the instrument of speech, lies between them, so is the lower man also closely allied to the upper, and what he that dwells in high places can grasp, that is also waiting to be grasped by him that has functioned much on the lower planes.

What there is for the angel awaits the man. What the saint has put into his mind, that the sinner may also take. The place wherein the sage hath found a seat holds also a seat for the fool. And the tongue that carried the message of curses, hate and flippancy, will carry also the song of blessing, love and truth.

The lower jaw can cease its wagging, its grasping and losing, its cutting and tearing, its grinding and biting, and may fasten itself unto the eternal tablet of things and draw therefrom all that is without in-harmony and that moves to the never ending satisfaction of his unchange-ful self.

What food is to the lower man, that Truth is to the higher. What taste is to the lower, Thought is to the higher. What appetite is to the lower, Appreciation is to the higher. As the higher realms are made up of Truth, Thought, and Eternal Appreciation, man who reaches

there functions with the authority of a creator. To him darkness is as light, and light as darkness. The winds cut not, nor the suns soothe. In himself he operates the laws that correspond with the laws of these, and in harmony he swings with them and is of them.

Obstacles resist him not, for he treads upon them and, lo, they are the elevations by which his following fellow man may come closer to him. The curse that falls upon his ear becomes a blessing which is a truth to his brother. And the blow that is directed toward him is changed into a crown ere it falls upon his person, for he hath become as the gods, over whom the laws of man and flesh have no sway. He is in the province of Love where all dirt is converted into chaste gold.

THE HINDOO RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

BY BABA BHARATI.

THE HINDOO religious teacher is a mind-healer. He helps to heal the diseases of the human mind. And the principal disease of the human mind is its all-absorbing search for permanent happiness in impermanent objects ignorant of the fact that true, enduring happiness is only to be found deep down within its own depths.

The orthodox spiritual preceptor of the Hindoos is an uncompromising ascetic. He is wrapped in a scanty piece of cotton cloth, white or saffron-colored. He carries in his left hand a manuscript copy of the *Bhagavad Geetá* or some other scriptural text or a hymn book, and in his right his cocoanut or pumpkin-shell water bowl—all his world's goods. Barefooted he wanders from place to place all over India. He is ever on the wing, away from the din and noise of busy, material life. He must not stay at any one spot for three nights together lest earthly attractions bind him once more to worldly life with cobweb strings which may harden into iron chains—chains he has torn asunder after long struggles and austere spiritual devotion. Only during the four months of the rainy season he resides in some sacred place or monastery on account of the difficulty of travelling on foot. But wherever he stays, he imparts knowledge of life's inner laws and goal to all thirsty souls who may crowd around him.

He lives upon one simple vegetable meal and bathes three times daily—a whole bath from head to foot. He sleeps upon a piece of rough blanket spread upon a mud or mortar floor with his head pillowed upon his arms. He accepts no gifts except food when he is hungry and a piece of cotton cloth when his tattered rags are no more fit to be worn. He has reduced his material wants to the smallest so that no sort of worry may disturb the permanent poise of his mind. His is a natural life, lived in tune with the Infinite. He is a harmonious manifestation of Nature's inner laws, a healthy part of Nature in motion. He feels himself the freest being, with the song of his freedom's joy ever singing in his soul, covered no more by the clouds of material desires.

It is the Hindoo's instinctive firm belief that religion or philosophy must be lived and realized in order to be able to teach it. The man who talks spiritual truths, but does not live them is a laughing-stock in India. Nobody hears him, except ignorant people upon whom his words have no lasting effect. They are words, mere idle words, however grand the truths they may embody. He talks precepts which lack the life of example, which lack the inspiring ring of realization.

This real Hindoo religious teacher can still be numbered by tens of thousands. He is the Hindoo's itinerant missionary. He is a mission by himself. He represents his own mission—the mission he owes to his

duty to his fellow men. He is an uncrowned emperor in India; greater than all earthly rulers who roll their heads at his feet the instant they meet him. His empire is wherever he roams. His frayed saffron rags are the insignia of his royalty, his complete natural indifference to earthly possessions and power is his crown, the light of love and compassion for all God's creatures which shines through his countenance is the glory of the invisible sceptre with which he rules the mind of mankind.

The man who has lived the highest Truth, of which all these are the expressions of its realization, has become heir to its essence—Eternal Happiness. This happiness is with him always, flows from within him and fills his being with a peace and satisfaction which nothing earthly can afford. He has therefore no earthly wants save some rice or bread once a day to sustain life. And while the handful of boiled rice or a piece of unleavened bread is all he begs from householders, his gifts to them in return for it are many and priceless—more precious than their most valued possessions. And all these priceless gifts of the Hindoo ascetic teacher are anybody's for the mere asking. Thank heaven, God's greatest gift, spiritual wisdom, has not yet been sold in India for money. It is to this day the greatest sin for a Hindoo to sell spiritual wisdom or cooked food. Food and wisdom are ever to be given away. It is the highest piety to feed the famished—of body and soul.

By the side of the sacred Ganges or Jumna or some holy stream—sacred or holy according to belief or tradition of thousands of years—or under a spreading tree this ascetic teacher sits, resting for a while after many miles walking from his last halting place. There in the evening or late afternoon householders, after the day's work and duties are over, sit in a semi-circle before him. They are attracted by his serene countenance, his love-lit face, his eyes hungry for objects of sympathy. Each of them bows to him with the forehead touching the ground, and then sit cross-legged with folded hands and feet covered with a corner of their wearing apparel. It is unmannerly to show your feet to a saint. Some of them have brought some fruits, others sweetmeats and they place them before the holy man for his acceptance for you must offer some eatables to the Lord's wanderer.

After an exchange of courtesies, one of the congregation ventures to ask the saint a question. "Tell us, O holy one, what is life's object and how to attain it?"

"A wise and sincere question!" answers the holy one with an encouraging smile, "Most of us want to be told what we are seeking in this life, and those who have come to know it, are well on the road of its attainment. We are searching for Absolute Love out of which we came as atomic parts of creation and this Absolute Love we are seeking through life. But we do not know it, having forgotten this primal source of all life, this Absolute Love, called God. It is the very essence of our being, pervading, as it does, all space and Nature, of which it is the only permanent substance. But our mind being outward-looking, is ever chasing the shadows of this substance which dwells within us and within everything that is. It is called the soul, God's radance which pervades us. It is called Divine Essence, that which pervades all Nature. This Love, this concentrated Absolute Happiness, can only be secured by continual concentration of the mind upon this Divine Essence or its centre, called God, and by practising to love our fellow men and all created beings. The one will help the other and both will serve to secure for the mind an admission into the Divine Essence. The perception of the Divine Essence is called Love or Bliss or Eternal Happiness—life's only source and only search."

This is but the substance of this ascetic teacher's sermon. In fact he deals with the subject exhaustively, as more questions are put to

him, illustrating his points with metaphors and anecdotes, all of which are as telling as his arguments are convincing, because drawn from practical realization. It is the personality of the teacher, however, which tells and convinces most. He is a living battery of the spirit of renunciation, of spiritual devotion, of all-embracing love. All these serve to constitute a magnetism which is simply irresistible. His lessons are commands which are obeyed almost automatically. He tells them that it is practice that is the chief means to the attainment of their life's goal. Practice grows into habit and habit in time becomes part of our nature. We make our mind restless through practice and we can make it restful through practice too. The mind's forces are scattered upon all different objects by making it wander at will. By concentrating it upon one object—and that object some Fixed Permanent one—its forces will become one-pointed, which brings about Harmony. This mental harmony itself is happiness.

But this is not where the holy teacher of India leaves the listeners of his discourse. He imposes upon these magnetised devotees some forms of daily practices to bring about this harmony, some regulations of food and bath, some hymns to be chanted at different hours of the day and night. Then he whispers into each one's ear the holy "mantram"—the mystic sound-potency mixed with the Lord's Name which, he says, contains the essence of the Lord. This mantram they have to repeat mentally either one thousand and eight times or one hundred and eight times daily in the morning after bath and with clean washed clothes on, before taking any food or drink whatever. No worship or prayer is effective with a full stomach. Prayers to God must be considered a greater necessity of life than even food and drink.

Then the spiritual guide tells these new disciples to go home. They all offer to give him money or clothing. But he only smiles kindly and says their goodwill is more acceptable to him than any earthly presents. This creates greater effect upon their minds and they go home almost reluctantly, thinking of this ragged man whose wonderful individuality has made them so happy in such a short space of time.

Coming back to the tree in the morning the disciples find the saint is gone. Gone! Would they see him again? Nobody can say, for no bondman can be sure about the moods of an absolutely free man which a true ascetic is. They feel as if their dearest relative—far dearer than any they have at home—has forsaken them forever. And yet they feel he is present with them in spirit, his magnetism is with them, his words still ringing in their ears, the sweet music of his voice is a treasured memory along with his precepts. Some of them break down at the emptiness of the place the saint sat the evening before and kiss the dust of that holy spot. Others roll over the sacred ground to absorb the spiritual magnetism left impregnated in every grain of it.

Then know you too, O listen all, that oft the eyes of earth-sense are thickened with the gray of truth misunderstood, why do ye not rise to meet the love that stretches out to you? Why are the plumed wings not outspread? Why the spirit-forehead stands on tip-toe?—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

Therefore because thou art thus, not all the concentrated beauty of a whole universe can take from thee that which is thine, nor can the combined virtues of realm on realm hold to thee that which is not for thee.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts.

BY BABA BHARATI.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Jim, an English regimental officer in India, had become separated from his companion in his ardent pursuit of a deer. Having killed his quarry, he realized that he was lost in the heart of the jungle and consumed with thirst under a burning sun. In his search for water, he saw an ascetic (Hindoo Saint) sitting under a tree with a bowl of clear water by his side. Jim's request for water was refused, the Hindoo asking why he should give holy water to a "white dog" who had just taken the life of an innocent animal. Jim, enraged at this insult, raised his gun to shoot the Yogi; but on looking into the man's eyes, he felt transfixed and was unable to move. The spell withdrawn, the ascetic then told him to shoot if he would. But the expression of kindness that shone from the Yogi's eyes—the most beautiful smile Jim had ever seen on the face of man, melted the heart of the Englishman and banished all anger.

Advised to look in a direction indicated by the Yogi, Jim saw a path leading to a pond of clearest water, where he soon quenched his thirst. A few steps brought him again to the Saint, but, wondering how this lake with stone steps leading to its edges could exist in the depths of the jungle, the officer looked back from the clearing and found, to his utmost astonishment that the path and the lake had vanished, and immediately behind him was a wall of tangled forest.

Mystified by this miracle, Jim turned again to the Yogi in whose presence he felt himself undergoing a strange spiritual awakening. In the conversation that followed, the Englishman realized that his life was an open book to this Hindoo Saint. Although possessed of an overwhelming desire to become a disciple of the Saint, the latter ordered Jim to return to his home and duties. Before leaving, however, the Yogi told Jim that if his will and determination should endure, they would again meet at a place to which Jim should later be directed. Starting to go, Jim picked up his gun and looked at the deer which had been lying dead a few cubits from where he stood. The deer was gone.

Proceeding in the direction the Yogi pointed out to him, Jim encountered Mithoo, his Hindoo servant, who half crazed had been searching for him. An affectionate meeting takes place in which the servant finds his master changed almost beyond recognition. The master, erstwhile hard and unjust, has become kind, considerate and almost brotherly. Jim relates to him part of his adventure, and asks him to aid him in his resolution to give up home, wife and child and join the Yogi. After an affecting scene, Mithoo promises to do so and they proceed homeward.

Reaching there, Jim tries to keep his experience from his wife, Elizabeth, for the time at least. She, quick to note each shade of feeling in her husband, realizes something unusual is on his mind. After much questioning he tells her all, also his resolution to follow the Yogi, with her consent. Waiting for her opinion he finds his wife apparently unconscious, looking stonily at the wall.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM the stiff attitude of his wife, Jim thought that he had killed her by telling the story of his experiences with the Yogi, that she could not stand the shock of his telling her of his resolution to go to the Yogi. He thought, as he looked at her stony stare, that the shock had caused sudden heart failure. He felt like a fool and worse than that, felt nervous for the first time in his life. He cursed himself that he had not kept back telling her of his resolution. He could have kept it back for a little while and broken it to her gently. Instead of that he had told her of it with the same wild enthusiasm with which he had told her of his experience in the jungle, with a bluntness that was positively brutal.

And now he had killed her, the brute that he was. Now that she stared at him so stonily, he had not the nerve nor the heart, which was almost still within him, to go over to her to find out what the matter was. But a few seconds more and he was relieved of his intense anxiety about

the condition of his wife. Her eyes and lips quivered, the color came back to her face, at which Jim clasped her to his breast and cried:

"My darling, my darling, you frightened me, you frightened me. I thought I had killed you. Now speak and relieve me. Why were you as stiff as a stone? Your lifeless stare startled me. We need not talk of the Yogi now, if it pains you."

Elizabeth put her arms around Jim and resting her cheek on his shoulder spoke softly, her voice vibrating with a strange tenderness which surprised her husband.

"Jim," she said, "I am not feeling any sensation of pain or of grief either. I do not feel any sensation at all. I feel dazed, I am unable to think a single thought. What a wonderful experience you had with the Yogi, I am only thinking of that. That one thought has absorbed me. What a wonderful man he is to have done what he did with you! I am thinking more of your spiritual experiences through his influence than of his divine powers. It made me think, when you were telling me what you felt when you saw a vision of the inner world, of what I have often told you, that you had some greatness within you. My feeling about it was so undefined that I called it greatness. I see now what I felt—a spiritual depth which the Yogi has brought out by his holy power. I do not know how I shall live without you if you leave me, but this has come to me, Jim, that I will not be a hindrance to your spiritual development. No, Jim, not for the whole world. Mine is a true love, Jim, I love you with all my heart, with all my soul. And loving you as I do, I will not be selfish to stand in the way of your spiritual growth. I have heard from Ayah many times about these Hindoo Yogis and Saints, of their marvelous spiritual powers and the miracles they perform. And do you know, Jim, that I almost believed them while hearing? But the next moment, I felt almost ashamed to have done so. But now I believe them all and I am glad you have met one of them, so powerful a one, and if you are resolved to go and study with him, I will let you go. But may I make one little request of you, Jim? Don't leave me forever, but go for a short while at first. It may not agree with you, Jim, and you may feel like coming back to me and then you may feel ashamed to come. You are so proud, Jim, that you may feel ashamed and, out of your pride, you may commit something desperate. Will you not go for a trial and will you not promise to come back to me, your loving Lizzie, if you feel like it? I will be the same devoted wife to you and more, if that is possible."

And she wept and sobbed, her whole frame shaking with her emotion. That Jim was astonished at this wonderful change of attitude of his wife's mind and heart in regard to his resolution to study with the Yogi, is to say the least of it. It staggered him, the greatness of his wife's heart simply staggered him. He felt as if he could not believe his ears as his wife was speaking. He kept staring at her as if he did not understand the sense when she said she would not stand in the way of his spiritual development, but would let him go. "What is this?" he was asking himself, "what a noble wife have I and what a brute have I been that I did not care to know the depth of her noble nature?" As she finished speaking and sobbed on his breast, he looked at her flushed, crimson face with a thrill in his heart which that love-lit face never before had awakened in it. Slowly he stooped his head and kissed her mouth with the spirit of caress which was born of the overmastering sentiments of gratitude and homage to her worth which filled him.

"My own, own darling," he said in a voice broken by the storm of tenderness that was raging within to find expression all at once, "my sweetest angel of an unworthy life! This brute whom you have called your husband so long has never appreciated the full nobleness of your

heart until now. What are you, sweetest heart? I will never forgive myself that I have not worshipped you all our married life. I will never forgive myself that I have treated you with such brutal unkindness at times. Why, if I had known your divine depth before, I should long ago have emerged out of my brutal consciousness and tried to be worthy of you. May all the blessings of heaven and earth descend upon you for the unspeakable graciousness of your permission to let me go to know my higher self. I bless you with all my soul for it, and dear, dear Lizzie, believe me when I say that I love you with all my heart, with all my being and with all my soul. I will never forget you, Lizzie, I can never forget you. I will go for a short while, say for six months, as you ask me, and I will come back to you. No, no, dearest heart, I will not be too proud to come back to you. If I fail to realize the highest heaven, even by the grace of this wonderful being who has come into my life so suddenly and so graciously, I shall be content to live in the heaven just below it and that heaven is your love, my heavenly Lizzie."

And Jim, breaking down completely, burst into tears and, resting his cheek on his wife's, he clasped her more tightly in his arms.

Elizabeth was weeping too, while Jim wept. Their tears mingled as they ran down her cheek. She was really wailing out her heart. But she scarcely knew it, for she felt she was in heaven. She had never seen such emotion in her husband, such extreme tenderness for her. Jim had never betrayed his full love for her in such reckless abandon. That to his wife was the heaven whose delicious joy she was entranced in, which made her forget the woe in the demonstration, and not realize the import of what her husband was saying. She only felt as if Jim was greater in love than she, that he paid her back all her love and more.

They were weeping together in this manner for over a minute when they were disturbed by Johnny Baba.

Jonny, refreshed by his afternoon nap and his glass of milk and cake, disengaged himself from the Ayah's arms and, jumping from her lap, bounded to see his mamma to receive from her his afternoon quota of kisses. The Ayah tried to restrain him, saying,

"Don't go now, Johnny. Papa and mamma are talking. Don't go to disturb them now."

At this, Johnny clapped his hands saying, "What, Papa has come home? Has he brought me the nice little rabbit which he promised me?"

"No, Johnny," said the Ayah as her eyes filled with tears, "he has come home with no game, with nothing." And she covered her face with her hands. Johnny for a moment stood mystified and with his forefinger in his mouth, looked at the Ayah, not knowing what to say. His little head failed to suggest any reason for the Ayah's weeping, but his little heart felt pained, for he loved the Ayah who had nursed him and loved him like a second mother, the love she would have lavished on her own child if she had had one; she had none.

The Ayah looked at him through her tears, and, finding him standing with mystified gaze on the floor, picked him up and kissed him. Then suddenly an idea flashed through her mind and, with its inspiration, she said to him:

"Yes, go, Johnny, to papa and mamma and give papa more kisses than you give to mamma. Put your arm around his neck and hug him as much as you can. And now, go."

She put him down. Poor Johnny, not comprehending why Ayah first told him not to go, then wept, then told him to go and kiss and hug papa, went slowly out of the room, the Ayah following him. As he reached the drawing-room door, he heard the wailing of his mamma and becoming more mystified, looked at the Ayah, who was standing at her

own door, for an explanation. The Ayah motioned him to enter, at which Johnny, pushing open the door, ran to his parents, crying and screaming out of an unknown pain he suddenly felt within him.

Both of them were startled; Jim ran to him and, picking up the little fellow, kissed him again and again, asking him, "What is the matter, sonny? What makes you cry so? Are you hurt, are you frightened, baby?"

For all answer, Johnny sobbed on his shoulder until his mother came up and took him in her arms. And Johnny, forgetting to weep, looked from his mother's face to his father's and then from his father's to his mother's. Then, finding his father's face wet with tears, which he had never seen before, he jumped upon him and kissed him and hugged him as Ayah had told him to do.

The extreme pathos of the scene made Elizabeth clasp her husband and baby, and, looking into Jim's eyes with all the appeal of her whole heart, she cried out:

"For Johnny's sake, Jim, don't go. Don't leave baby, Jim, don't leave baby. He is so young, Jim, he is so young. Don't go, Jim, don't break his little heart."

CHAPTER IX.

"WHY ARE you sad, Doorga, why are you weeping today? What has happened?" asked Moti of Doorgá, Mithoo's wife, the Ayah of Mrs. Lawrence, the nurse of Johnny Báábá, who was playing as usual on the barrack lawn, late that afternoon, with other European children. Moti was the wife of the Mohammedan servant of the Doctor Sahib and nurse of the Doctor's youngest baby, a one-year old girl whom Moti had in her arms as she spoke to Doorgá. Moti and Doorgá were great friends and confidants of each other in the retailing of gossip. Late every afternoon they used to have their feast of gossip, as servant girls would have the world over, before they went back with their baby charges, in the deep twilight, to their master's home.

Doorgá wiped her eyes with a corner of her sári and replied:

"No, Moti, I am not sad, I am not weeping. Some dust has entered into my eyes, hence the tears."

So saying, Doorgá applied her sári once more to her eyes, and gave vent to a gentle, suppressed sob.

"Since when have you turned a liar, Doorgá, since when have you learned to distrust me?" said Moti indignantly. "You are sad, you are weeping, you are in trouble, no doubt about it. Now, tell me all. You are such a dear of mine, my heart is breaking for you, breaking to know the cause. Now, tell me."

"No, no," said Doorgá, sobbing violently this time, "my husband has told me not to tell a word about it to anybody, so how can I tell? It is about our Sáhíb and his Mem. Oh, it is such a sad affair! It has made us all so sad."

"Something about Captain Sáhíb and his Mem?" exclaimed Moti in tense whisper, her eyes glittering and bulging out from curiosity. "Now you must tell me all or I will die. I am already dying to know. Husbands say all that, but the wives know better, know better whom to tell. Of course, you are not going to tell it to the market. You will tell me, your heart's Moti, tell her all of it."

"Yes, Moti dear, I can't keep it from you, for I am bursting. I must tell you or I shall die, die from bursting. But swear by my head that you will not tell it to anybody."

"Of course not," said Moti, aglow with excitement, "what do you think me? I will sew up my mouth. Now, tell."

Then Doorgá told her darling Moti everything, all that her husband Mithoo had told her not to tell, all about his master's experiences with the Yogi in the jungle, his weeping like a baby upon Mithoo's shoulders, his change to saintliness, his resolution to leave home, wife, and child to be an ascetic, the heart-rending scene between husband and wife, all, all that had happened after the time she had come out of the bungalow with Johnny Bába.

Scarcely had Doorgá finished her story than Moti gathered up her baby to her breast and rose and ran home. Doorgá shouted to her: "Now, don't tell a thing to anybody, for your Doorgá's sake."

Moti turned and said: "Of course not, what do you think of me? I am going to help my husband cook, for the báboorjie is sick."

A few minutes more and the Doctor Sáhib's Mem knew all that Doorgá had said to Moti about the trouble between the Lawrences and more that she had not told her. And as soon as dinner was over, the Doctor Sahib's Mem, after a brief, excited talk with her husband, hurried to Mrs. Lawrence to find out if the story she had heard from Moti was true. She had already no doubt about it, but she was dying to hear it from Mrs. Lawrence's own lips. There was no difference between the mentality of the brown Moti and her white mistress, except that the white mistress had her freedom cut short by the conventionality of society and the delusion which she hugged to her conceited breast that she was a superior character than her brown servant, because of her European birth and knowledge of letters.

When, therefore, she found Mrs. Lawrence sad and alone, her husband being just then occupied with some writing in his office-room, the bar of conventionality limited her to asking, as a feeler:

"You don't seem to feel well today, Elizabeth. What is the matter? Are you sick? I wish I had brought the Doctor with me."

"No, not at all, I am not sick at all," was the prompt answer she received from Mrs. Lawrence who eyed her suspiciously, knowing what a mischief-maker she was in spreading scandals. "What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Doctor Sáhib's Mem, a bit checked by Mrs. Lawrence's cold stare. "But you look sad, you look so unhappy."

Surprised, Mrs. Lawrence did not know what to say. Her sadness was too deep for her to put on a pleasant expression in her face. She thought for a second or two and then replied, with her eyes on the floor:

"I may be sad but I do not feel like discussing the reason with anybody on earth. I thank you for your earnest sympathy."

These curt, cold words made the Doctor's Mem wince for a moment, but in the next she had recovered herself and said:

"Well, dear, it is out of my love for you that I asked you the question, but if you do not feel like telling me I will not disturb you in your sadness, but will go. But we know a thing or two and I might help you if you had taken me into your confidence."

"I thank you very much again," said Mrs. Lawrence, her eyes glistening with moisture, "but whether you know the cause of my sadness or not, pardon me, if I say that I do not require anybody's help in the matter, nor do I feel inclined to discuss it with anybody."

And Mrs. Lawrence turned her face away to conceal her tears from the other's gaze, at which the other, feeling hurt for the second time, said:

"All right, just as you please. Goodnight," and left.

When she had gone Elizabeth sank upon a sofa and, burying her face in a cushion, gave vent freely to her tears, crying within herself:

"Oh, why did I do it? I have never been unkind or harsh to anybody through my whole life, but I have been to her. But my heart is too sad to talk and I want to be a friend to my Jim as long as I live, no matter what he does to me. And that woman is a scandal-monger and always inquisitive. I wonder how she could know anything about it so soon. O God, give me strength to bear up; so I may do my duty as a good and true wife."

Meanwhile, the Doctor's Mem had reached home and was closeted with her husband, and she vowed vengeance upon Mrs. Lawrence for her curt reply to her sympathetic enquiries. After she had relieved her feelings by crying on the breast of her husband, she appealed to him to do something to punish the "insult," to which appeal the hen-pecked Doctor succumbed, backed as it was by the kisses, tears, and caresses of his angel on earth, the angel which his lower nature—the only nature he was conscious of—worshipped.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEXT morning the Doctor Sahib went to see the commanding officer of the regiment, and was beating about the bush to introduce the subject of the mission his wife had charged him with, after he had reported a few items of his official duties, when the Colonel said to him suddenly:

"Wait a minute. Now what do you think of this?" And he handed the Doctor a letter, a letter which he had received the night before and read just before the Doctor came in, a letter from Captain Lawrence in which he applied for six months' leave from the time of application on half-pay or, if that was not allowable, without pay.

As the Doctor finished reading it, the Colonel said:

"Do you know anything about the matter, that is, why the Captain asks for this leave? Excuse me, Doctor, but I have some reason for asking this question. My wife was telling me of some weird experience of the Captain in the jungle where he had gone out shooting yesterday, and that he had met there some Hindoo impostor who calls himself a Yogi, and that, suffering from his hypnotic influence, he wants to give up his position, home, wife and child to go and study with him. Have you heard anything about it?"

The Doctor smiled with the joy that he felt that the Colonel had introduced the subject himself, and answered:

"Yes, Colonel, I have heard not only the same story which you have, but I know a little more of it than you do. My wife, when she heard it first, went to see Mrs. Lawrence last night to enquire about it, but Mrs. Lawrence acted so queerly that my wife thought that she was also hypnotized. Mrs. Lawrence refused to discuss it with her and behaved quite unlike herself. I think Captain Lawrence is more than hypnotized; he is suffering from temporary insanity which, I have heard from some of my professional friends who are older in their experience of India than I am, these religious ascetics can bring about in some people. And I think that Mrs. Lawrence is also suffering from the same touch of insanity imparted to her by her husband."

The Colonel's eyes grew wide with pained astonishment.

"Do you really think so, Doctor?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," the Doctor replied with emphasis. "After my wife had retired last night, I reread some cases of these types of insanity, reports of which have been quoted by some of the highest medical authorities in their books, and I was convinced that Lawrence's case affords exact symptoms of one of them."

"In that case," said the Colonel with seriousness, "you had better examine him. As the chief medical officer of the regiment you are empowered, with my sanction, to examine him."

"But, Colonel," said the Doctor, "between ourselves, the Captain is a man of such violent temper that it may be hard to approach him for an examination if he knows my object. After the way Mrs. Lawrence treated my wife last night, I do not think it will be prudent on my part either to call him to my office or call on him for the purpose of making a medical examination. Why don't you call him here now just to ask him what he wants this leave for? And I will know from his talk all I need to know to form an opinion as to whether his mind is sound or not."

"A good idea!" exclaimed the Colonel, "I will do so at once."

He wrote a few lines asking Captain Lawrence to see him at once in reference to his application for leave, and sent it by his orderly. Captain Lawrence responded to the call in ten minutes, which time the Doctor and the Colonel utilized in comparing notes about the story they had heard of the Captain's hallucinations in the jungle. As he entered the room, both the Colonel and the Doctor rose and shook his hand cordially, although they both looked at his face with ill-concealed suspicion which the Captain readily detected because of his wife's having told him of the visit and suspicious enquiry of the Doctor's wife.

"Well, Captain, how do you do?" said the Colonel. "Did you enjoy your shooting yesterday, did you bag any game?"

"No, I did not," replied the Captain with some sort of smile, "I did not enjoy it so much yesterday. I shot a deer, but I did not bring it home. It cured me of my cruel habit. I will not touch gun again."

At this, the Colonel almost started and said, "Not touch gun again? Why, what is the matter?"

"For good reasons, Colonel, but I do not think you will at all appreciate them."

"But," said the Colonel, "I do not know what they are, so you may judge me unjustly."

"Maybe, Colonel, but I do not wish to tell them to you. Excuse me, I thought you called me in regard to my application for leave."

"I did," replied the Colonel, "I want to know what you want this leave for."

"For private reasons, Colonel, which also I cannot tell you. You can forward and recommend my application for leave without pay, for that will obviate knowing the reasons."

The Doctor and the Colonel looked at each other with surprise, at which the Captain's cheeks flushed with indignation, for the feeling of conviction had gained upon him, from the tone of the Colonel's questions and the presence of the Doctor, that they were under the impression that he had become crazy, and that the Doctor was responsible for the impression. He, therefore, wanted to put a stop to further enquiries. He seized his hat, rose, bowed stiffly to the Colonel without noticing the Doctor, and said:

"Goodbye, Colonel. Please forward the application. I can't give you reasons except that I want it. I am sane and sound enough to know that my reasons are mine and nobody has need to know them. Goodbye."

As Captain Lawrence left, the Colonel hung down his head, his cheeks colored by his insulted feelings, while his fingers played with the pencils and penholders on the table. The Doctor Sahib's eyes were fixed on the table, too, for a moment. He was afraid to disturb the Colonel in the mood he was in then, lest he would take him to task for bringing about the scene by advising him to call Lawrence to his office.

The Colonel once more assisted him by breaking the silence.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "hasn't that fellow a terrible temper? But he will have to pay for it. I will report him to headquarters and see what I can do to curb his insolence. By Jove! I will do it at once."

The Colonel was a goodhearted man in his way, but he was terribly sensitive of his prestige, and the Doctor knowing it added fuel to the fire.

"Insolence is no name for it," he said, "but he is hardly responsible for it, Colonel. The man is insane, and that is the only way you will have to treat him. I am quite satisfied as to his symptoms now. It is a plain case."

"In that case," said the Colonel, thumping the table with his fist, "in that case, you ought to write out a report at once, so that I can enclose it in mine."

"I will," promptly responded the Doctor as he rose, "and you shall have it in an hour. Meanwhile, that man needs to be looked after."

"I will see to that directly," said the Colonel, "you can depend upon me for it. By Jove! that man must pay for his temper."

The Colonel rose, turned and walked into his drawing-room, forgetting to say Goodbye to the Doctor.

"Byby, Colonel," said the Doctor, nervously trying to remind him of it, but he was gone. And the Doctor walked home, his anger stirred to its depth by the non-recognition of him by the Captain at parting, an insult, he told himself, he would never forgive.

But while reports, official and medical, were on their way to headquarters, Captain Lawrence, knowing what he had done to stir up the temper of the choleric Colonel, busied himself in carrying out his resolution. He told Mithoo to get his Hindoo garb ready and paid him a buksheesh of ten rupees to keep it "mum" from the Memsahib. Mithoo at first refused to take the money, with many salaams and with tears in his eyes, but at last had to accept it on his master's insistence.

"I will come back, Mithoo, in six months, and you and your wife will take care and charge of Memsahib and Johnny Bába till I return, will you not?"

"Yes, Huzoor," replied Mithoo, with a sob and a salaam, "we will with our very lives," and left the room.

Poor Mithoo had no idea of the trouble his wife had created by taking into her confidence the snaky Moti in regard to the story of their master's meeting with the Yogi. And she, who had repented of it too the moment Moti had left her the night previous, broke down when her husband told her of the Hindoo clothing the Sáhib wanted, and enjoined her to silence again. She swore by putting her hand on Johnny Bába's head that she would never mention it either to Memsahib or to any soul in the world. She emphasized her vow by hugging and kissing Johnny Bába till he grew tired of it.

Jim passed all day with his wife, caressing her and talking to her about the Yogi and promising her again and again that he would return in six months' time as sure as he was living. Elizabeth, resting her head on his breast, asked softly:

"Will you not write to me, Jim? Nobody will know of your letters, I promise you that."

"Yes, darling," replied Jim, "I will write the first chance I get. I believe in your promise not to let anybody know of it or my whereabouts, for that will create trouble, you know."

"None will know of it, Jim," Elizabeth assured him once more, "but I would not have made even this request, for its compliance might disturb you in your sacred studies, but, Jim, I want only to know that

you are safe and well, though I will pray to the good Lord all the time for your welfare."

Jim drew her to his breast more closely and answered with emotion: "My angel wife, your Jim will write to you, depend upon it."

That night, Jim, garbed in Hindoo clothes, left his home for the Yogi, left his home secretly, without even telling his wife, whom he had not told about his scene with the Colonel and the Doctor, and who was of the idea that he would wait at least until the granting of his leave. Only Mithoo knew and crept up to him in the dark as he left the barrack limits and said, in a whisper:

"Sáhib, here is a letter that a coolie-like man came and gave me to give to you when you were to leave. If you want to read it now, I have this bull's eye lantern, I will turn the light on it."

Jim opened the envelope and found within it a bit of yellow hand-made country paper on which was written in clear English characters the words:

"Take the same road by which you came to the jungle. When halfway, you will meet someone to whom you will give the watchword, 'Seetá Rám.' He will guide you to where I am. Bring no money with you."

Mechanically, Jim took out the currency notes he had slipped in his loin-cloth and holding them out to Mithoo said:

"This money is for you, Mithoo. The Master has forbidden me to take any with me, so I give it to you. The Lord bless you for all your help and kindness to me."

And Jim, hastily embracing Mithoo, darted away and disappeared in the darkness.

(To be continued)

THE BABA IN THE WEST.

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON.

AFTER THAT pleasant railway journey from Paris to Calais, through dreamy, deep-colored leaf and grass, the English Channel gave a rude shock to my mind and nerves while afloat on her wanton waves. Indeed, it was naughtier within a passage of ninety minutes than the Indian Ocean and the Red and Mediterranean Seas were during a voyage of fifteen days. As we got on board the ferry-boat the weather was far from fine, and her chopping dance to Dover, with three-fourths of her passengers mentally preferring a calm sleep at the bottom of the angry waters to rolling restless on cabin-beds over them, with gentle stewards and stewardesses promptly ministering to their necessities, was the very reverse of anything exquisite or entrancing. So I missed the majestic panorama of the first view of the island home of the ubiquitous Briton. But on firm land once more, a cheering cup of tea made my shaky nerves firm enough to improve my mind by a spiritual chat with a young Catholic clergyman as the train rushed along by lovely lawns, thousands of neat little cottages and picturesque pleasure-grounds of Southern England, to her world-famed Metropolis.

A HOSPITABLE HOST.

London! Is it? But how could I believe it? Enveloped in mighty darkness, all was dismal under hovering, lowering black clouds deluging London with a steady downpour. Grumbling, we got into a "growler,"

and sped along under that pelting rain in search of a shelter and found it in South Kensington after a long and shivering drive. We wanted to look into the tariff before pitching our tent, but mine host was more hospitable than we could imagine him to be. Taking pity on our helpless plight, he first ordered our things to be removed into our room, fitted up for us in advance; and it was not until the extra bed was brought in, and made to look invitingly snug, and the coals on the hearth blazed up that the tariff was put into our hands. We looked into the little folded card with eyes which wider grew till they could be wide no more.

THE WAYS OF KING SOL.

Talking begins with the weather in England, and as all ideas of orthodoxy have started originally from Hindoos, I am going, of course, to observe this time-honored orthodoxy of British conversational etiquette in starting to talk of London. In trying to describe the London weather I have stumbled upon a simile, apt or happy I leave to Londoners to judge. Notoriously cosmopolitan in his tastes and habits, Old King Sol rises betimes and takes rather an early tub in the Pacific. Having his tea with the Mikado, he breakfasts on celestial delicacies at Peking, and after a lunch of kabobs at Constantinople, dines on French cuisine at Paris. But where do you think he takes his afternoon tea? There you are, and I am no scandal-monger!

A COLD COURTSHIP.

Older even than Father Time, yet that glorious monarch of earth and the heavens has a pardonable penchant for a mild flirtation on the sly whenever a pretty maiden is handy. But of all Eve's daughters, old and new, none is so much after his heart as that lonesome white damsel Britannia, whose coldness to his courtship is proverbial. While careering on high, he casts many an amorous glance at that disdainful dame, whispering, "I always shine and never set on thy dominions, O my heart's enchantress, shine on me a little! Lift thy sable veil from thy pretty face for me to look upon for a minute. Thy lips were made —" But there! Cold Britannia turns her head away. At four o'clock he boldly pushes open her door and peeps in. "At least," he smiles, "may I have a cup of your incomparable tea?" "You here! You old sneak, you shameless—," and a whole cup of boiling tea is splashed upon the intruder's face. Scalded and scorched to a brown, the unfortunate god of the ancients flies for his life as fast as his old limbs will carry him, and, forgetting his Parisian dinner at times, jumps over the Atlantic to find what consolation he can in a matter-of-fact supper with Uncle Sam before snoring away his day's clandestine troubles in his cool couch off 'Frisco.

SUNSHINE IS AN EVENT.

In plain English, sunshine is an event in England, a greater event than the Yule or a General Election, or even a Coronation. The peeping sun finds her people beside themselves, and a full day of sunshine, mad with joy. "What a lovely day!" and all houses empty their joyful inmates into the streets. The English would have been Zoroastrians if they were not Christians—such is sun-worship in England. No wonder THE SUN newspaper has such a large sale—the very name is a "draw," perhaps its best recommendation.

HUMAN PIGEONHOLES.

Men are pigeons here in respect of their houses, and some of these human pigeon-holes are both pretty and healthy, besides being comfortable. Made of wood, brick and glass, they are generally very lofty and nice-looking, although the air of solidity or substantiality about

them is almost entirely absent. To the Oriental, used to walls and floors and ceilings of brick and stone, these plank-chambers at first seem somewhat "funny," and custom only removes from his mind the sense of their insecurity. The patriotic Londoner may not like this "gratuitous" description of his wooden castle, may even plead the requirements of his soil and his special weather, but the orthodox Oriental can only ill improve his positive dictum by negative politeness about a London house.

DANGERS OF LONDON LIFE.

Maybe, he will refuse to be polite, and score some convincing points against these reasons of the soil and the weather. "But life in your houses, Mr. John Bull," he may say, "has got to be carried in one's hand. Once you drop it, it has all the chances of suffering from all the five elements of God—earth, water, fire, air and space. Gout and rheumatism from a ground floor you may, of course, avoid by perching upstairs; but every slit and hole must be shut to avoid pneumonia when you are taking a whole bath in hot water. You must be more careful about throwing away a lighted match when smoking than about your razor when shaving. 'There's a big draught; shut the door or you may get your death of cold.' Last, but not least, you suffer from space—want of space in your buildings. To live a charmed life, proof enough against all these elemental enemies in your charming soil and weather, you have to thank your care, wits and agility more than your precious planks-and-bricks-and-glass-made towering tenements.

THE COMPOSITION OF THE ENGLISH SOIL.

Geologists may discover and name any number of ingredients in the composition of the English soil, and they are welcome. I have not even dabbled in geology, nor am I prepared to earn the headache for the trouble of studying that interesting science. I may be accused of prejudice, or, indeed, of jealousy, for this unaccountable apathy. Some may even insinuate that this apathy proceeds from a fear of the principles of my own special science of geology being attacked by experts of general geology. I hate such mean insinuation of fear, for who is braver than a Baba? All the same, I admit I have my own geology—a secret system known as yet to myself alone, and for which I am going to take out a patent as soon as I have proved from its absolute laws in my next what the English soil is composed of.

(To be continued)

WOMAN: EAST AND WEST.

(Los Angeles Herald.)

BABA BHARATI delivered his sermon last night in the Krishna temple, taking for his subject, "Woman: East and West." He said in part:

"After about five years' stay and study of men and manners in the west I have arrived at the unavoidable conclusion that woman, east or west, is the same in inherent qualities of real womanhood. Woman is essentially spiritual. Spirituality is her cardinal quality and this cardinal quality no force in the world can wholly destroy. An unspiritual-seeming woman is of man's making, for women are what men make them. Wife and home are synonymous terms in India. The Sanskrit word 'griha' means both wife and home. The word 'woman' in English is the corruption of the word 'wife-man.' There is no wife without a home and ought to be no home without a wife.

Woman is Home

"Woman, therefore, is the home. She is the center and the presiding deity of the home. She is the complement of a man as man is the complement of woman. Man is a positive force of life, woman the negative. Man and woman, therefore, joined by holy wedlock make up a harmonized whole. But the wedlock must be holy and that holiness of relation must be kept up throughout the conjugal life. The holiness of the wedlock is derived from the recognition of an affinity to each other's soul, for marriage is a soul-union, the union of two soul-loving souls. The word marriage is desecrated when it is applied to the union of two body-loving

bodies. Married life is meant as a means of soul-culture and home is the school of that culture. Hence, a Hindoo wife is called 'saha-dharmini'—copartner of man in religion.

"Man represents the positive intellect, woman the negative heart. The intellect thinks, the heart feels. Man is made of predominant intellect; woman is made of predominant heart. The intellect is reflective; the heart is intuitive. Hence, man is more reflective and less intuitive, while woman is more intuitive and less reflective than man. The heart is the door of the subjective mind, the intellect is the active principle of the objective mind. Woman, through the heart's intuition, grasps truths which man's intellect misses at most times. Woman has intellect, too, but she functions it by her heart, by the light of her subjective mind. The subjective mind is the outer realm of the soul, with which woman has natural negative communication. Hence, woman is essentially soulful, essentially spiritual.

Understands Through Heart

"Woman should, therefore, be educated through her heart, which is the natural medium of her undertaking, which is the channel of her intellectuality. If you educate her through her intellect alone, you destroy her natural instincts, the instinct of intuition, the quality in which she surpasses man. Her education, therefore, must be spiritual education. Her soul must be developed from childhood, so that her heart, the door of the soul and the interior chamber of the mind, may be flooded, when she ripens into womanhood, with the soul light. You may give her as many books as you like of the intellectual sort, but the foundation of her education must be spiritual. Her heart must be fed during childhood and girlhood with spiritual thoughts. Then she will grasp their intellectual ideas and concepts in a twinkling—much more quickly than you can do, Mr. Man.

"Woman in the east is still the product of this old world's philosophy of life. Woman in the modern west is a reflex of an unnatural evolution of thought which has revolutionized that old world philosophy. The old philosophy of life is founded on science, upon the science of life's inner laws. The new mode of life which the matter-mad mind of the modern west has evolved is detrimental to the healthy growth of womanhood's natural virtues. The arbitrary mixing up of the distinctive qualities and spheres of influence of the sexes which the new west is revelling in and boasting of, is making it pay dearly for it, although it is generally unconscious of the havoc, so mad it is with that revel and that boast. The result is that the intellectually developed woman in the west is trying to do all that man can do and is fast forgetting her own distinctive qualities, her own spheres of work and burying her divine instincts of the heart under the rubbish of purely intellectual attainments. You may say there are bright woman authors and writers whose works betray qualities both of heart and head. That shows that they have succeeded in retaining their heart individuality.

Woman-Worship, East and West.

"In the east this heart education through religion from childhood has developed the all-round womanly woman through all the ages. The degradation of woman in the east is a myth born of the west's profound ignorance of the inner life of the east and partly attributable to the misrepresentation by that amiable friend of ours, the Christian missionary. Speaking for India, I can boldly say that the Hindoo women enjoy a higher status and regard from men than women do in this country. If women are worshipped in any country with a sincere worship it is in India. The reason of her worship is her well developed qualities of soul and heart. She is regarded as a divinity because of her essentially spiritual nature. She is loved, not for her physical charms, but for her soul. She is the queen of her husband's home and heart.

"The worship of women in the west generally, of which so much fuss and boast is made, is mostly insincere and unnatural. It is a homage paid to her physical self. May I ask why a man should respect a woman more than a woman respects a man? Why should there not be an equality of respect? Why should a man serve a woman with services which that woman accepts from him as legitimate homage due her and never dreams of rendering to him the same service or any part thereof? These questions are awkward for an Oriental to ask of his Occidental brother. They are very inconvenient, too, for they can never be answered, and they point to the insincerity of his homage, because of its unnaturalness.

Woman Keeps Altar Burning in America.

"Yet, for all that, the intuition inherent in woman in this country has enabled her to read through man's flattery of her and, in most cases, she has retained her spiritual individuality in spite of all the odds of materiality being against her. She it is who has kept the altar of religion burning in spite of the matter-madness of the men. It is woman who is keeping up the churches here in America and the name of God alive still by the fire of her faith. Woman has always been the high priestess of religion and she is so still, thank heaven, east or west, north or south. May the Lord bless her for this, her highest service to the highest interests of man.

MYTHS ABOUT HINDOO WOMEN.

(Los Angeles Herald.)

BY BABA BHARATI.

That my exposure of the missionary myths in regard to the status and condition of Hindoo women would create consternation in cozy corners of Christian missions in general and disturb the dove-cotes of Zenana missions in particular, I was more than sure and prepared for.

These Christian missionaries working for the salvation of heathen souls in the east, without any thought of rescuing their own from the influence of the old gentleman, are wonderful beings in many respects. Their mission work in the east is based upon misguided zeal and maintained by misrepresentations, both wilful and unconscious, bigotry, conceit, prejudice, ignorance, want of information and the charms and temptations of comfortable living in the Orient. This comfortable living is assured them by the mission funds at home, contributed to by pious-minded Christians, most of whom never dream of enjoying the comforts of the missionaries in the east and never get at the real facts and the results of the work for which they contribute.

On these misrepresentations, wilful or otherwise, the missionary funds depend and flourish.

Says Funds are Dwindling

During the past decade or so, however, the eyes of many of the pious Christian patrons of missionary funds have been opened more and more to the utter futility of these missions, so the funds are dwindling appreciably. A few years more of western enlightenment about the real conditions of eastern life may make them dwindle more and more. Hence, whatever exposes these myths about the east, it is the bounden duty of the missionary to contradict. But they are finding it harder and harder every day to do so, on account of the presence of some Hindoo preachers of their own religion and philosophy, whose interpretations of spiritual truths and Christianity are being appreciated more largely than before in this country.

All this has spread consternation in the missionary camps, as I say, and finding impressions of one myth after another about the Hindoo's inner life which they have so long traded upon being wiped out from most American minds, they are making desperate efforts to create fresh impressions of those myths. These misguided people have come to think that they have established for themselves a sort of claim, as it were, upon the beliefs of People here in regard to these myths about the Hindoo, having once started them, especially as they have run so long unchallenged by the Hindoos here or out in their own country.

Reverses the Situation

The reason the Hindoos have not contradicted these myths is that they believe that only truths can stand, and lies are doomed to die some day, and that these misstatements are so transparent that the intelligent westerners, when they investigate for themselves, cannot fail to see through them. So these missionaries have, it seems, persuaded themselves to believe that the Hindoos have no right to contradict now, not having contradicted so long, just as a legal claim is barred by limitation. Hence, when any Hindoo contradicts they howl at him and put forward the old myth ignoring what the Hindoo says. Fancy an American's home life being falsely villified by a Hindoo and when that American contradicts and protests he is told by the Hindoo that he, the Hindoo, knows more of American home life than the American himself does.

Reply Becomes Necessary

The ground is now cleared to reply to a make-believe reply published in the *Herald* to my lecture on "Woman: East and West." Any reader of my lecture will admit that it is so; that it is a reply entirely unprovoked. She has merely reiterated the missionary myths about Hindoo women—myths trotted out every month by men and women missionaries to keep up the flow of contributions into mission funds.

I have heaps of cuttings of these articles, gathered during my four years' sojourn in America, articles so hideous in their shameless falsehoods that it has sickened me, as it sickens every Hindoo in this country. And yet I have not cared to contradict them, thinking that they were not worthy of notice. A reply, however, it seems has become necessary. And in replying I am dealing with all these reckless myths about Hindoo home life which form the stock arguments for missionary enterprise in India.

Talks of Missionary Zeal

In that lecture I praised the American woman highly; said she was full of real womanly attributes; that she was essentially spiritual. All I deplored about

the American woman was the system of intellectual education of which she is a victim and which fails to draw out her womanly attributes to the best advantage. In the concluding sentences I gave sincere vent to my admiration and appreciation of her, admiration and appreciation which have never been accorded her by any foreigner, perhaps not even by her own men. Yet the missionary zeal has allowed some women to ignore all that high praise, and to insinuate that I compared the American woman unfavorably with her sisters of the east. The motive is apparent. "How is it," is asked, "with our little sisters in the far east?" Then comes as a quotation from my lecture the following words, which have hurt because they have hurt the mythical object of the league which has been founded upon the missionary myths:

"The degradation of the women of the east is a myth born of the west's profound ignorance of the inner life of the east, and is partly attributable to the misrepresentations of that amiable friend of ours, the Christian missionary."

Then the *Herald* article says: "The western world is not wholly ignorant of the zenana and its hideous slavery, not of women, but of children, child-wives ranging in age from 6 to 12 years."

I assert that the western world is wholly ignorant of the inner life and status and conditions of our women, having had absolutely no access whatever into that inner life, the Christian missionary women included.

Women are not Slaves

Far from being slaves, the women, child or adult, are loved and petted and respected as no western women in any country are respected. The Hindoo's respect for his women is sincere, respect from his soul for her, her soul and womanly virtues born of her soul-unfoldment brought about by spiritual processes they undergo from childhood. She is given domestic duties which she can cheerfully perform, which the American woman or girl, who does not perform, will do well and live more healthfully to perform. There is no marriage of girls at 6 or 7 or 8 or even 10. A girl is generally married between the ages of 11 and 13, and pure higher caste Brahman girls are married at far higher ages. No girl or her parents are ever ostracised from their caste for not being married before 12. This statement will be news to all Hindoos, from the highest to the lowest caste.

But it is useless trying to contradict all the wild statements. The article says the Hindoos believe their girls and women have no souls. What a shameless, reckless libel! Hindoos who see the soul in every atom of creation, in every plant and tree and animal! Can they deny souls to their women?

Is Her Husband's Better Half

The Hindoo wife is called "sahadharmini," co-partner-in-religion of her husband. She is considered by him as his "ardhangini" which means "the other half of his self" from which word the English term "better half" has originated. If Hindoo women have no souls, how can they be the other half of the men and co-partners in their soul's concerns? Equally untrue is her statement that the "only hope of heaven of the Hindoo wives is through the intervention of man or by the burning of their bodies on the funeral pyre beside their dead husbands or by the birth of sons." Salvation of souls in India for both man and woman is the result of God-consciousness. Anyone, man, woman or child, who develops unbroken God-consciousness goes to God. The development of this God-consciousness is only possible, one would think, by one's own individual mental efforts, backed by faith in and love for God.

But it is useless, as I say, to try to reply to these reckless statements which are either born of profound ignorance of Hindoo life or are wilful misrepresentations. One fact needs only to be told to cut the ground entirely under the feet of these calumnies of the Hindoos concocted by the missionaries. Not a single Christian missionary, man or woman, has ever been allowed to enter into the inner life of the Hindoo home.

Missionaries are Distrusted

The women missionaries are allowed in some towns and cities to have access into the female quarters of the Hindoo homes. But the Hindoo women only meet them in an outer chamber and learn from them knitting and sewing. The Hindoo women distrust these missionaries so much on account of their air of superiority and contempt for Hindoo manners and customs that they never impart to them any knowledge of their inner life. The only lady who has succeeded, for the first time in the history of the intercourse of the west with the east, to get into that inner life is an Englishwoman who is still living in the heart of the native quarters of Calcutta. Her name is Miss Margaret Noble. She approached these Hindoo women with an overflowing spirit of sympathy and good will, and the Hindoo women, intuitively discerning her sincerity of heart and purpose, took her to their bosom. Miss Margaret Noble has written a wonderful book entitled "The Web of Indian Life," the facts of which are gathered from her genuine experiences of Hindoo women—the only reliable book of Hindoo home life.

Education of Hindoo Women

As for the education of the Hindoo women, a point raised every now and then by Christian missionaries, it all depends upon the question as to what constitutes education. An American woman wrote from personal experience regarding the education of Hindoo women recently published in the *Los Angeles Times*:

"To call Hindoo women ignorant argues ignorance in those who say so. It is a misnomer. Not to be able to read and write is a mechanical defect, not an intellectual one. How can these women be called uneducated when their intellects have been developed and their natures cultivated under a system of education long in vogue in India, though very different from what is known to us at the present day? How can the intellect of the race have been kept up under the supposition that one-half of the community is in a state of barbarism? How do you account for a Hindoo woman who does not know how to read or write being able to quote text after text of Manoo? There are Hindoo women who know the whole code of ethics as contained in the Dharma Shastras of Manoo and the whole of the Puranic literature of the ancient Brahmans. Indeed the Hindoo woman appears to my humble understanding to be the most cultured of her sex in any part of the world."

Degradation Doesn't Exist

As for degradation of Hindoo women, it is interesting to quote, in this connection, Olive Christian Malvery, the maiden name of that wonderful Indian woman who recently exposed the London "Jungle" and who is a Christian and wife of Archibald Mackirdy, United States consul at Muscat, Arabia, who said the other day concluding an interview published recently in the *Los Angeles Times*:

"My great ambition now is to make my husband as good a wife as he deserves. And my next is to make a name for myself in literature."

"I should like to return to India to get inspiration. After the horrors I have seen here—the squalor, the utter hopelessness, the sordid misery of life as it is lived by hundreds of thousands—the greed and indifference of those who profit by their toil—there is something in the calm of life in India—the quiet acceptance of fate—which seems infinitely alluring to me now. There is no such degradation of womanhood in India—heathen India, as it is called—as exists in Christian England."

A Lesson from Heathens

Mark Twain in his story of his world-travel, "Following the Equator," says that the Christian west can take a lesson in regard to treatment of women from heathen India. While he could find not a single woman employed at work in the fields all over the land, in every western country even old women were employed for field work.

All the energies which are frittered away to aid "child-wives of India" might be more profitably spent in wise and practical schemes for remedying the divorce and many other crying evils in America. I read only yesterday in the paper that in such a cultured New England state as Maine things have come to such a pass that there is one divorce for every six marriages, a woeful condition which has made ministers throughout the state, headed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Codman, adopt stringent measures to remedy it, claiming that it is becoming common for couples to seek divorce in order to marry again.

There's Rescue Work at Home

What about my little Christian sisters of America who certainly are not "protected by their brothers and fathers," whose terrible condition is so eloquently denounced by Edwin Markham. In a recent magazine article he says: "In the east side box factories," says he, "the children, in the Christmas season begin their work at 7:30 and keep it up till 9 at night, Sundays included. From 7:30 till 9 at night! Reader do you take into your heart how long these hours are for little fingers and little feet? But how are these tired workers kept at the wheels? You will not believe me when I tell you that the factory doors are locked to keep the little wage slaves at their tasks till the factory pasha is satisfied with his day's profits."

Again, what about the little Christians who wear out their lives below the surface of the earth, where God's sun never shines; whose eyes would be blinded should its rays ever bless them? What about your sweat-shops that are made to prosper at the cost of the lives of little men and women ranging in age from four to twelve? What about your white slave trade, your salt mines, your cotton factories which destroy them by their inhaling the poisonous lint? What of your twenty million Americans who are existing below the living line—without sufficient clothing, food or shelter? What about these and a hundred other evils that you know of?

Charity begins at home. There is no heathen in the east; they are all here in the west. Weed out your own garden, build your own edifice, carry your Christ to your own little ones. Give his love to those that know not of Him. Let them know the good He came to give, open their hearts to His light, give them the benefit of His being, cleanse your whited sepulchres and then, then—

Thousands of years it has taken the Orientals to build a civilization that most satisfactorily covered the grounds of their social, moral and religious needs. And a globe-trotter, skipping over the country in three months' time, views it with a glancing eye, does not approve of it because he does not understand it, condemns it and damns it as rotten. Missionaries having little or no understanding of their own great religion, view the Oriental philosophy with prejudiced eye, and for the same reason damn it and seek to reconstruct it on a foundation as flimsy as the proverbial house built on sand. You have a great religion, we live a great one.

WHITE SLAVERY WORSE THAN CHILD MARRIAGES.

In regard to Mrs. Merritt's statement in last Sunday *Herald* as to the deplorable condition of women in India, it seems to me, with all due respect for the good work she advocates, that there may be a great deal of mistaken zeal in trying to thrust upon a people a help that may not be wanted or needed or that we have not fully extended to those of our own race and land.

I am an American and a Christian. Missionaries are needed, but needed here more than anywhere else, because first we must make our light so shine that all the world may turn ourward.

Let us first lift our Nan Pattersons, Evelyn Thaws and others of the gilded sin community ere we go forth with bleeding hearts to save the Hindoo woman from a fate that we know little or nothing of.

Jesus Christ preached among the Jews, his own people, not the Romans. We may not have the child-wife in our midst, but we have the sweat shop inquisition and the rag shop and the canning factories and buttonhole and spool shops, where thousands of our little ones from 4 to 12 years of age are burying their babyhood and childhood, their morals and their future daily, including Sundays from 7 a. m. till 10 p. m.

White Slave Trade

We may not have the Hindoo child-widow, but we have the white slave trade with its unspeakable horrors staring us bold-eyed in the face to our shame. There may be no *Zenana* for our women, but we have a great army of girls and women walking the streets from gaslight till dawn, preferring to sin that they may eat, rather than starve.

Let us teach these our own first what Christ's coming on earth means. I have seen much of the slums of the eastside of New York, the west side of Chicago, also of Boston, Philadelphia and many other cities of America, east and west, and let me tell you, reader, it was not the Oriental of these parts that brought the blush of shame to my cheek. It was the white woman, the girl of our own race, crushed beneath the wheels of the modern juggernaut, that awoke a horror unspeakable. Here among our own let us carry our bleeding hearts, no, our courageous hearts, and work with these and for these, until our pests of degradation are wiped away and our child-slaves are lifted out of bondage, our white slave trade abolished and our women freed.

The Orientals are across the sea, strangers who seem to need not, certainly do not want us, if the missionary reports are true.

Asks Difficult Question

The past year has shown to the western world that the Orient cannot be built entirely upon an evil and cruel basis, else why the many heroic, merciful and religious attributes that the late Japanese war has brought forth. Somewhere they must have a foundation not wholly flimsy and unstable. It is the custom of orientals to marry young. Yet look at the product of these child mothers. Look at the sons, strong, virile and clever. Certainly such fruit could not spring from the corrupted stems the missionaries would have us think.

Women prove what a civilization is, the mothers do, the mothers who build the nation. Well, the nation that produces scenes such as those which have turned all eyes away from Christian Russia to heathen Japan in admiration and wonder, bids pretty fair to having a high womanhood, hence a high civilization. Yet we have heard right along and are still hearing just such wails about the degraded position of the Japanese women as are now rending the air about the Hindoo women. The Indian potentate, the gaekwar of Baroda, on leaving our shores a few months ago after a short sojourn here, said: "You have nothing to give us save a few physical pleasures which we care little about."

Have we anything to give these people? Have we lifted ourselves to heights whence we can call them after us because of our radiance? If we deplore conditions in those countries, should we not also deplore, nay, remedy, our own evils?

Christ the Master, the lover of all mankind, the Saviour, preached unto all who came to hear him. Never is it chronicled that he forced his teaching upon them. Let us do likewise.

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